The Glorious Fourth! ADDRESS OF REV. J. A. CRUZAN,

American Independence Celebrated in Hawaii.

Patriotic Address by Rev. J. A. Cruzan.

Incidents of the Day.

The occasion of the celebration of the one hundred and tenth anniversary of American Independence occurred on Monday last, the 5th inst., the Fourth" having fallen on a Sunday, debarred public recognition of the "happy occasion" on that day. Provision had been made by Americans to celebrate the occasion as belitted the particular event, and committees were appointed, moneys sabscribed and a programmes of events arranged in all of which the general public were permitted to take part, all tending to contribute to the general purpose of providing a grand good time for rich and poor, old and young, great and small.

Long before the sun rose, the resonant cracker bursting bomb and noise of small arms, gave notice of the presence of the day to celebrate, the general jubilation being added to at sunrise by the merry clangor of bells of various tones. The usual antique and, generally, most horrible pro-cession not being made a part of the programme this year, the public were not called upon to be present at any particular event in the celebration of the anniversary until the hour of 10 o'clock when literary and mucical exercises were to be enced in the Central Park Rink.

In the meantime the early risers took in the beauties of the excellent weather prevailing, and, the patriotically inclined, proceeded to decorate their premises with American colors in flags and flowers, a proceeding which must have been somewhat universal, especially amongst town residents, and the flutter of the heaven born banner could be easily distinguished on the shipping in the harbor, the lone, sea-encircled hamlet of Williamsburg, along the edge of the golden sands that line the shores of Warkiki, from thence, in keeping with the contour of the land, inland, along the base of barren Punchbow! until the more staid and more pretentions precincts of Nauanu Valley were reached. Consular flags were all displayed and Government buildings flaunted the Hawaiian colors. The display of bunting be Engine Co. No. I and Pacific Hose Co. No. I, were worthy of spe-The programme as officially endorsed, although

not generally made known, the information being promulicated by a single and somewhat limited means, consisted of 1, musical and literary ex-ercises at the Central Park Rink at 10 a. m., 2, games and field sports at Maikiki Reserve; 3, fire works off the Inter-Island Wharf; 4, grand ball. The arrangement of the details of events conneeted with each particular portion of the pro-cramme had been placed in the hands of special committees, the whole under the general super-vision of an Executive Committee of which Mr. John A. Hopper, was Chairman and Mr. Theo. C.

Porter, Secretary, Space will not but permit of a passing notice of the various events, considerable room being given to the able and enthuastically received address of Rev. J. A. Cruran, so as pussant an account of the

AT THE CENTRAL PARK BINK.

The hour set for the commencement of the literary and musical exercises was 10 o'clock sharp and before that hour, the spacious rink was well filled with people, consisting of representatives of Royalty, H. R. H. Princess Liliuokalani and her husband His Excellency J. O. Dominis whose presence was highly appreciated, members of the Ministry, the Government, the Japanese consul-general, members of the consular corps, etc., etc. His Excellency the American Resident occupied the patform as President of the Day, as also Rev. C. M. Hyde chaptain, R. Jay Green Esq. Reader of Declaration of Independence; Rev. J. A. Cru-zan Orator and Hon. C. H. Dickey as leader of singing. The Royal Hawaiinn Band under the lenderusip of Professor Berger opened the exercises by performing American airs after which the following order was gone through, Hon. G. W.

Merril introducing cace event * Fraver, C. M. Hyde: song America, abdience: introductory address Hon. G. W. Merrill; music, Boya: Hawaiian Band; Reading Declaration, R. Jay Green; Oration, (a masterly production en-

After the music had ceased the audience ten dere a token of respect to H. R. H. Princess Lilinokalani, remaining standing until after her de-parture, after which, all slowly parted company

THE INFORMAL BECEPTION. Between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock the American Minister Resident and Mrs. Merrill held an informal reception at their residence in the Hotel grounds, Vice-Consul Frank Hastings, Mrs. Hastings and Miss Putman assisting the host and hostss in receiving the large number of people that took advantage of the opportunity to tend respects to America's representatives in Hawaii. The callers included members of the Royal Family, of the Ministry, representatives of the Consular Corps, representatives of the Press, and the public cenerally. The lady visitors were made completely at home by the amiable hostess, and served with ght refreshments, while the gentlemen callers were taken under the special patrouage of the

RIFLD SPORTS AT MARIEL.

In the afternoon a large mass of people assembled at the Makiki recreation grounds to see the sports. The programme was in charge of a special committee who performed their duties in a very creditable manner. The following is the list of

Fool race 150 yards-Torbert 1, McCarthy Foot race 100 yards—G. Rosa I, William 2. Foot race 100 yards—Moses I, W. Lucas 2. Foot race 100 yards—J. Stevens I, T. Pryce 2. Sack race— George I, Sam 2. High jump—T. Beal, 4 feet 8% mohes. Putting the stone—McKey, 17 feet 5 inches. nobes. Futting the stone - McKey, 17 feet 5 inches. The greased pag was caught by a soldier, and the greased pole was climbed by a white sailor. The base ball match was played by two scratch teams chosen by H. Wodehouse and W. Wall. The side of the former one by 12 to 0. During the afternoon the Hawaiian Band played selections of

THE PIREWORKS.

One of the agreeable events of the day so examounty celebrated, and which reflected credit upon the american spirit predominating the comrelities, was the providing of a display of fireworks, intended especially to make an impression upon the juvestiles of the community. From a barge unchored off the Inter-Island S. N. Co.'s wharf a cket darted upwards at 8 p. m. sharp, followed e nearly half an hour, by a continuous stream of illiant and beautiful fireworks in the shape of ngal lights, vari-colored flower pots, serpents, ar rockets, roman candles, etc., etc., ending by e sending skyward of a number of fire baloons, he wast crowd that lined the water front gave equent exhibitions of their appreciation. In unsection with this closing portion of the day's cognition it is proper to state that this display beautiful illuminants was greatly enhanced by a residents on Nunanu avenue, Beretania, King ad Lunalilo streets and in the Plains district.

THE BALL. see to make the affair at the Hawaiian pera House a brilliant one, and success crowned The House was draped with flags and wreaths of maile, consuccous over the stage sing the stars and stripes. On entering the hall, e guests were received by His Excellency the inted States Minister Resident and Mrs. Merrill, sessied by H. J. H. Putnam and Miss Putnam, of the conditions. nd Mr. and Mrs. Hastings. At the conclusion of he reception, dancing was commenced and lasted ill an early hour this morning, the Floor Com-nities doing their duty admirably. The floor seked very brilliant, the dresses of the ladies eing very handsome. Among the guests were His lajesty, attended by Hon. S. Parker, Captain Layley and Major Cornwell. Her Boyal High-ses-the Princess Lilinokalani, His Excellency ernor Dominis, Hon. A. S. Cleghorn, Hon.

In closing, attention is called to the cred manner in which the various committees perform-their duties, and, as provision was made for the the one hundre and tenth anniver

Clouse! General, and members of the Legish

and business certies.

many others of prominence in profes-

4th of July Celebration, 1886.

A noted Englishman visiting America a few years ago, remarked at a dinner table: "The English are too modest, and do not think enough of themselves." Whereupon another guest coolly of themselves." added: "Other nations have not yet discovered

that trait in their character.'

We Americans resemble Englishmen in this-"We are too modest," but "others fail to dis-cover this trait in our character." On the other hand, we are sometimes accused of conceit.

And it were a wonder if we were not conceited.

We have a huge country and a short history. We look back only a hundred years. We see a little Landful of patriots, defying the first nation then on the globe, plant the "mustard-seed" of our Republic. In this year of Our Lord, 1886, we look across the waste of waters which separate us from America, and lo! a nation sixty millions strong. The thirteen colonies, the garden-plot in which that seed was planted, then only a narrow strip-a little fringe along the Atlantic-stretches from sea to sea, and from the lakes to the gulf. Instead of thirteen we see thirty-eight bright stars upon our flag, and "still there's more to

As we glance back over our brief history we catch our breath in wonder at the swift march of our We seeithe "wilderness blossom as the the Indians' wigwam give place to great cities; the war-whoop of the painted savage, the thunderous tread of the buffalo, and the scream of the panther is silenced by the whirr of ma-chinery, the din of factories, and the thunder of

As we glance at our goodly heritage, our hearts swell with pride—when hark! "Groak! Croak!" At our very elbow stands some "knight of most woful visage," who plunges with "chug" down into a "slough of despond," and tries to drag us

with him. "All very true," says this sepulchral-voiced croaker; " all very true; but is our real movement forward or backward? Material growth, I admit, we have perhaps too much of it. Vastness is not necessarily greatness. The real strength and greatness of a nation lies not in numbers, wealth, or square miles, but in manhood, brain-power, morality. Old Rome (the croaker always perches himself when he meditates an extra deep plunge on one of the seven hills!)—old Rome ruled the world, and never seemed so strong as just before her downfall. Morally rotten, she fell in pieces by her own weight. America faces the same peril. Think what we were! See what we are! Where are America's statesmen? The race died with Clay, and Webster, and Adams, and Calhoun. Pigmies now rattle around in the senatorial chairs which used to be filled with intellectual clauts!

See the bribery, and jobbery, and stealing Look at our labor riots, and increasing intemper-ance, and infidelity, and communism, and anarchism! We are repeating the history of old Rowe! We totter for our fall!

"O for the good old days of our forefathers—the golden days of Washington, and Jefferson, and Jackson—when men were honest true and patriotic, and served their country with fervor!"

So sobs and wails America's "Death-march" or

the lips of the croaker. My sufficient answer would be to smite him on his mild-wed lips, and say, "Peace, thou bird of ill-omen!" were it not that men of other nationalities, to whom the facts about America are not known, hear his hoarse voice, and look through his blue spectacles and think him one of the prophets. And also that our own children—our young Americans who know little of our history and of our real strength and vitality—are in danger of being deceived by these dismal forebodings, and of having their faith in America and American institutions undermined.

I am not blind to America's faults. She has griev-ous defects. I see clearly the blemishes and festering sores upon our body politic; there are great prob-lems in the political future of our Republic which must be solved; there are great contests which await arbitrament. The near future will test and try America, perhaps as never before. I know all

But I believe in America, I believe that these are the very best days of all her history. The croaker will tell you that the days of Washington were her best days: that America's

golden days lie one hundred years behind us.

No! That was our from Age, and grandly those men of iron wrought in it. We are living in a better age than that, and yet ours at best is only the Silver Age of the nation. The Golden Age of America is still in the future.

I come on this fourth day of July to join issue thus estically received, which is printed in full in this sense! Nev. J. A. Cruzan: National airs, that America intellectually, politically and morally is now far in advance of what she ever was before. and especially far in advance of the "good old days of Washington" to which the croaker always II. These day

II. These days are bester intellectually than the days of Washington, or any other days, in America's history.

America's history.

As a people we measure higher than any other American generation. This is contrary to the general belief. Men who are not croakers shake their heads, and pointing to Washington, the Adamses, Madison, Jefferson and Franklin will say: "They were glants! Measured by them our public men your remaining." public men now are pigmiss!" My answer is threefold:

1. History throws a clamor over men and their times. I can remember when I thought the river Jordan the greatest of rivers—larger far than the Amazon or the Mississippi, and how indignant I was when I was first told that it was only about three rods wide and two hundred miles long!

It took me a long time to disabase my mind of the false impression that Lexington and Concord were great battles: to "sense" the fact that they were only guerrilla skirmishes. The patriot forces engaged—less than 300 men—would hardly have been sufficient for a picket guard for a single corps in the late war. So it is with men. Looked at over the distance of one hundred years and through the magnifying glass of history they seem "like trees walking." Could we meet them face to face they might not seem such giants after all. They were not considered such great men in their "good old days" than Jay, Adams, Franklin and Laurens. Just after the close of the Revolutionary war these four men were sent out to make a treaty with England, but so little confidence did the American Government have in the ability of these four giants that their instructions read that they were to do nothing without the advice of the French Minister Resident in London, the Count de Vergennes." Think of America compelling our late Minister in England, James Russell Lowell, or our present Minister. Mr. Phelps, to consult the French Minister before taking action! We have men now who can represent America abroad without needing advice at every step.

2. Again: Their times were different. Colleges were few. Men of liberal education, and disciplined minds were rare. The mass of the people had to be content with only the radiments of an education. So these few men of culture and training towered high above their fellows.

But now colleges are on every hand: college graduates are everywhere. He must be a giant ndeed who towers above our cultured masses. Our great men are like Mt. Washington: surrounded on every side by massive peaks it does not seem so very high. But our great men of a hundred ago were each like a Mt. Washington planted in the midst of a western prairie.

3. Bet again: I concede, what is true, that the Revolutionary struggle did have an exceptional number of great men. The explanation is, that a great crisis always develops great men: or, shall I not rather say that when God has a great work to do, he finds great men to do it?

In 1976 God gave as Washington, and Adams, and Jay, and Jefferson and Franklin. in 1861, another crisis hour, God gave us Lincoln, and Chase, and Stanton, and Seward, and Summer, and Wilson, and Greeley, and Grant, and Sheriman, and Sheridan, and Thomas, and Farragut, and Porter, and Dahlgren.

1861 can match, aye, over-match 1776 for great Both were exceptional error in our political his ory, just as the Elizat the was exceptional in

And the race of glastic in America is not extinct. The land which can still call the unless of Tilden, and Reverd, and Farances, and Evarts, and rancis Libers, and Car. Schurz, and cland, and James G. Blume, among the and Sheridan, and ill-ward, and d Terry among her a nerals, has no a or fear for her fallere.

at hy studying emoptional erus, or by m which the various committees performed the same and a just judgment of the first, and as provision was made for the late it. A standing of America. The test question of all, it is reasonable to suppose the late it. A standing of America. The test question as at simed at we accomplished, an it a standing of the people? Can the nation as at while a mintellectual progress? As briefly as the standing of the product of the people of the product of the pro and vigor on I progress which America has shown in the past undered years. 1. Louis a st at the schools. One hundred years

ago the public free schools had a bare, precarious There were only six colleges in all America. As a rule, only rich men's son's could attend college. Woman was rigidly ex-cluded from the colleges; she must be content with the rudiments of an education. The newspaper, that great educator of our day, was then only a weekly bantling, confined to the large towns of Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Magazines were unknown. Books were few and very dear. The family library generally consisted of a Bible, one or two volumes of sermons and an Almanac.

To-day, mark the contrast: The free schoolhouse dots every hill-side and prairie. There are thousands of Academies, and High Schools, and Colleges; a liberal education is accessible to the sons of the poorest as well as the sons of the rich. The doors of the College stand wide open for the daughters as well as the sons. And forth from the portals of these schools comes a steady stream of cultured men and women every year to advance the standard of intelligence. The daily newspa per now goes into nearly every American home: the best magazines and books lie upon the center tables of the homes of America's working men. Certainly, educationally, these latter days are America's best days.

2. But not alone in the facilities for obtaining an education, but in the things that may be known do we stand higher intellectually that any other

Take a single illustration: One hundred years ago Science was only a system of rude guesses: now it is exact and far-reaching, and man's ser-

Pythagoras, 500 B. C., was nearly as advanced as the scientists of the 17th century.

So it was in all the fields of scientific investiga-The school-boy of fifteen can know more than the ablest Professor of sciences in Harvard

or Yale a century or two ago. 3. Turn now and look for a moment at mechan ical progress and investigation.

Here we see, as in no other field, the triumph of mind, and the progress made. Men have thought and miracles have been wrought. In the last hundred years more progress has been made in mechanics, than in the previous ten centuries! And these creations of man's practical thought

have revolutionized life.

Take illumination: The lamps which lighted Belshazzar's feast were as brilliant, and used about the same materials as those which lighted Fanuel Hall when our forefathers rocked the cradle of liberty there. Pine knots, tallow, wax, and sperm oil lighted the homes of the wealthy, alike eight centuries before Christ, and eighteen centuries after. Now we use gas: of which one burner is equal to twenty candles. And when gas is not strong enough we use the electric light, fifty-fold more brilliant than the best gas. The streets of cities which, from the days of Pharaoh to those of John Hancock, were unsafe, and almost wholly unlighted, now blaze everywhere almost with the brilliancy of noon-day. See the progress which practical thought in this

century has made in the methods of travel and communication:

Nimrod and Noah, and Patrick Henry and John Adams travelled by the same means and at about the same rate of speed. When the messenger brought Abraham the news that Sodom had been raided and Lot captured, he probably galloped at about the same rate as did Paul Revere that night after he caught the signal light in the old North Church tower, and started to alarm Lexington and Concord.

When our forefathers journeyed from New England to Philadelphia to attend the first Congress, it was thought a marvel of speed that one of them averaged eight miles per hour. Their descendants feel aggrieved if they do not average forty miles an hour: and they cross the Continent in eighty-

And it is the same at sea : Ulysses sailed as fast as Paul Jones. But in 1807, Robert Fulton took his first steamboat excursion on the Hudson. Now the Atlantic "greyhound" makes 540 miles per day—the average speed of on overland express train. 100 years ago it took from 6 to 10 weeks to cross the Atlantic. Now we cross it in less than six days. Take methods of communication:

Here the changes wrought by our practical thinking are more wonderful still When Nauman carried the letter from the King of Syria which struck such terror to the King of Israel, he was probably a week in doing it. Our forefathies uld do no better. It took the news of the Buttle of Bunker Hill seven days to crawl from Boston to Philadelphia. But that was better time than was made by the British courier with the news of Nelson's victory of the Nile. The victory was won Aug. 1st, the news reached London Oct. 2d,—in two months. Now our fast mail trains are as so many speaking tubes between distant cities, while the telegraph and telephone annihilate space and time: A Newark broker steps into the office of a wall St. Banker, and asks if they wish to purchase \$100,000 worth of German bonds. The city banker engaged his friend in earnest conversation about Newark. In a few minutes a clerk appears, the N. Y. banker receives his message, and says:we will take the bonds." And when the transaction is completed, says:-"It may interest you to know that while we were talking about your wide-awake city, I cabled our German agents as to whether they wished your bonds, and my clerk who interrupted us, brought their affirmative More wonderful still:

At the close of the Bescher trial Dr. Joseph Parker's Church in London, at the close of their Sunday evening hour of worship, by vote, ordered that congratulations be sent the Plymouth pastor. The dispatch was sent from London at 9:15 p. m.; it was read from Plymonth pulpit by Mr. Be at 15 minutes before 9 o'clock, or thirty minutes

before it was sent from London!
What wonders the telegraph, and telephone have still in store for us, who can tell? Edison now amazes us by proposing to communicate with fly-ing express trains at full speed and with ships

hundreds of miles at sea.

In every department of mechanics men have been thinking with like practical purpose: Frank-lin's old wooden back-breaking Ramage press, which if pushed could print 100 sheets an hour gives place to the Automatic power press which makes 30,000 impressions in an hour! Sam Adam's wooden plow, and sickle and flail has given place to the steam plow, and grain drill, and the fornia harvester which cuts, threshes and feeds into bags fifty acres of wheat in a day! John Hancock's primitive shoemaker's kit has given place to enormous factories in which among other nachinery is the pegger and stitcher, with a man and a boy will sole three pairs of boots in a minute. The noon-mark, and dial, and old wooden clocks have been replaced by our American watches. the household, the cook-store and range has superseded the swinging crane, and the Dutch oven. The sewing-machine has supplemented the needle. The spining wheel and handloom have grown into the enormous factories of Lowell and

Fall River.
Time would fail me to even mention how Ameri cans have thought into existence machinery for working in wood so deft that the inanimate wood and iron seem almost to think: the wonderful inventions connected with India Rubber : how the Piano and organ have displaced the spinnet and harkpsichord: how in war from the old flint-lock musket and pistol-which did greater erecution to the men behind them, than the front and-the wooden shell in which Paul Jones fought, have been evolved, the breech-loading rifles, revolvers, and cannon, and our monitors and iron-clads.

And remember that nearly all these wonders have been wrought by the practical thought of this century-most of them since these older men

Go to our patent office at Washington: walk through its halfs. Peer into its miles and miles of cases filled with tens and hundreds of thousands of models of labor-saving machinery. Remember that all these machines existed first in the brain of some American: that back of all these seen evidences of power, is the still more wonderful un-seen power, the practical disciplined brain power of America, and then answer me these questi-Do we not think deep, strong, and to practical purpose? Where is the evidence of intellectual deterioration? Can any other age show such visible signs of intellectual power as the age in which

II. And now I purpose to take away the very breath of the croaker by saying that Politically I pelieve these our days are America's best days! Yes! I mean that,

"Whew!" says the croaker, when at last he gets his breath. "These days of rings, venality, fraud, and corruption! These days America's best days, Yes! my sepulchral-voiced friend, I believe it— and I will give you my reasons.

The times in which men live seem the very "worst the world has ever seen." "These are degenerate days!" said one old Greek to Alcibiades. "Yes," was the answer, "that must be true; for I remember hearing my father say that his father said the same thing

If we could get at the "bottom facts" about "the good old times of our forefathers? when men were so honest, we would find that we have no reason to blash for our own times in contrast. I hope you will not mob me if, instead of glorifying the patri-

otism of 1776—and it is worthy of all praise—I show you another side of the picture. Here again history throws a glamour over the past, and the facts are always rose-colored. We think of all the people-except a few tories-as devoted patriots. inspired and animated only by love of country. What are the facts?

John Adams, writing in 1776, says: "The spirit of venality is the most alarming enemy America has to oppose. It is as rapacious and insatiable as the grave. Avarice will ruin America if she is ever ruined. I am ashamed of the age I live in!"

Washington, in 1775, writing on the state of the country said: "Such dearth of public spirit, such want of virtue, such stock-jobbery, such fertility in low arts to obtain advantage of one kind or

another, I never saw before, and I pray God's mercy I may never see again!"

And again, in 1782, Washington wrote Henry Laurens: "The spirit of freedom which at the commencement of this contest would have gladly sacrificed everything to the attainment of its ob ject, has long since subsided, and every selfish passion has taken its place. It is not the public, but selfish interests which now influence men."

At the close of the Revolutianary war Hamilton

vrote: "We may, indeed, with propriety, be said to have reached almost the last stage of national humiliation!"

Can it Le possible that Adams, and Washington and Hamilton were writing about these "good old days" when men were so honest and patriotic? Understand me—I say no word, and I allow no man unrebuked to say a word against the brave, noble patriots of 1776. The men of Lexington and Concord, and Valley Forge were grand men. This world never saw men who loved liberty and country more, or who sacrificed more for what

they believed to be right. But there is a dark back-ground to the history of the Revolution. The hated Tory was in every settlement. Treason was in every colony. Arnold sold himself for gold, and tried to deliver West Point and New York into the hands of the enemy. Dr. Benjamin Church, Surgeon General of the Army, was detected carrying on treasonable respondence. General Lee schemed and planned to supplant Washington. On that gloomy day, when the little army of Washington was marching on Trenton, General Gates, Adjutant-General of the Army, was riding post-haste for Philadelphia to use his influence to have Washington supereded. There was an organized effort to crush Washington, and it had the sympathy and support of such men as General Putnam and Samuel

Adams. It failed only because of fortunate vic-tories won by Washington in the field.

We love to think of the men of '76 as willing to make any sacrifice for country. The mass of them were. But there were others who traded on their country's woes.
In 1775 General Greene complained of systematic

swindling on the part of army contractors; barrels of provisions were only half-full. One lot of alleged beef proved to be horse-meat. An American force marching on Quebec, via the Kennebec river, were furnished boot soo leaky,

that their provision was spoiled, and the boats had to be abandoned. When the war closed, the soldiers were not paid. Had it not been for the influence of Washington, they would have forced payment at the point of the bayonet. Many of the officers and soldiers, who had fought so bravely, went home with the jail staring them in the face, and some of them unable to pay their debts, saw the inside

of the jail. And when at last they were paid, it was in rags, called money, but so worthless that they became a synonym of worthlessness: "Not worth a continental," means utterly worthless. The patriotism and love of country, which in 1861 sent our brave boys to the field by the half-million:--the wealth of the North so freely laid on the altar of the country:-the popular gratitude and enthusiasm for the returned soldiers-these are in pleasing contrast with the dark days at the close of the struggle of 1776-and show conclusively that in love of country these are "good

days' still.
But the political renality, and the stealing: im not blind to the peril from these causes which

beset America to-day. But it is no new peril.
In colonial times it was the duty of the Governors and their councils to grant land patents. It was the custom for these officials to demand and receive slices of the land ere patents could be ob-tained. Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire was the champion land-grabber, having given him in nearly every fownship in the State! And he generously gave a 500-acre slice to Dartmouth College as a site for its building. Nobody raised any hue and cry about it, for the

good reason that jobbery was so common nobody thought of protestings.

We have jobbery still in American politics—the more's the pity. But this is the hopeful thing about it to me: The public conscience is now so

keen and sensitive that it crushes inexorably every gnown lobber. Do you remember the Credit Mobilier scandal Every public man in whose hand, stock was found was sent into exile, politically dead! General Williams, Grant's Attorney-General, paid for a horse and carriage out of public funds-and he rode in it to his political burial.

General Belknap traded in army suttlership, he fell like Lucifer from his high position. The mere suspicion that he had traded on his position as a law-maker, was what defeated Blaine of Maine for the Presidency in the last election. Never before was the conscience of America so

quick, keen, inexorable, as now! Jobberry and venality still exists in America, but the people ave said it: "Jobbery and Venality must go III. And now, very briefly: Morally these days are America's best days—far superior to "those good old days of 1776." The decade immediately following the revolutionary war was, morally, the most dismal period America has ever seen. Party spirit was intensely bitter. Even Washington was traduced and villified. The moral standard was fearfully low. Dueling was common. Profanity, now banished to bar-rooms, was heard in drawingrooms, and everywhere. Gambling and lotteries were universal; indeed Congress tried to raise money toward the war debt by a lottery. Drunkenness was tearfully prevolent. Total abstinance was unknown. Ministers drank, and deacons and elders ran distilleries and kept bar-rooms. Do any of you Americans hail from Newburyport? Well, when the stamp act ferment was at its height your ancestors held a meeting at Wolfe's tavern; out of the little hamlet only about 150 persons assembled. But the landlords' bill for punch was \$35. And as punch was very cheap then, that gave about one gallon to each patriot. Evidently

that was a spirited meeting. Or perhaps they thought the best way to keep their spirits up was to pour spirits down! Slavery with its train of evils prevailed in all the colonies; Massachusetts became the first free State in 1780. Mobs wore common; public punishments were brutal. The stocks, the whippingpost and the pillory stood in every town.

Greely says of this period from 1780-1800: "The moral condition was fearful. licentionsness had over-spread the land. A course and scoffing infidelity had become fashionable, even in high quarters. Venality and corruption

in office was wide-spread. We think of our forefathers and mothers, as living in a very simple and primitive style, in sharp contrast with our latter day extravagance. It is true in some respects, but not true in others. In their homes, and many other things they were simple. They could not be otherwise. In others

they were extravagant.

Take for example dress: we bewail the extravagance and tyranny of our fashions. But think of 1776. Compare a gentleman's dress to-day, with that day. Think of the wigs, and powdered hair, the velvet coats. laced sleeves, embroidered waist-coats, knee-breeches, shoes with gold, and silver buckles, silk stock, ruffled shirts, cocked hats, and the short-sword which was inevitably getting be-tween your ancestors legs, and tripping him up to the great injury of his dignity and the peril of his be snuffed nose.

The Continental Army captured Lord Sterling's wardrobe which contained 412 articles. Among other things 31 coats, 53 waistcoats, 43 trousers, 119 pairs of hose, and 15 night caps. Think of a soldier taking such a wardrobe as that into the field! Why, tradition says that when Sherman started on his march to the sea his bag-

gage consisted of one box of paper collars!
My courage fails me, and I dare not attempt to
describe the wardrobe of one of our fashionable fore-mothers. A single glance at a conflure of that day is an index: Hair-dressing was a fine art; sometimes ten hours was spent by the artist on one supreme effort. For a great wedding or party the hair of our primitive belle was dressed the day before, and she sat upright in one of those awful straight-backed chairs during the live-long night,

catching what sleep she could!

Men—the guileless innocents—had to be protected by law from these charmers, as witness the following statute, enacted while New Jersey was still a colony:

"All women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether they be maid or widow, who shall, from and after the date of this act, impose upon and betray into matrimony any of His Majes-ty's subjects by paints, scents, cosmetics, washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays,

hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolster hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft; and the marriage, upon conviction, shall be null and void."

This law is still unrepealed: but New Jersey is the only State in which there is now any need of

We hear much lamentation about the present low tone of Washington society. But let me give you a leaf from history. Margaret O'Niel, the pretty daughter of a Georgetown tavern-keeper, married an army paymaster. Scandal making free with her good name, her husband committed sui-cide. Gen. Eaton, the fast friend of President Jackson, married the pretty widow. Tennessee made Eaton a Senator, and Jackson made him, a few weeks later, Secretary of war. But the ladies of Jackson's Cabinet refused to call on Mrs. Eaton. Jackson took the matter up and tried to force her social recognition. Washington society, and in fact the society of the nation, divided into two hostile camps. It resulted in breaking up the Cabinet. And Van Buren, most smooth and politic of men, won Jackson's lasting gratitude by his zeal in pushing Mrs. Eaton into society; and to Jack-son's favor he owed his elevation to the Presidency. Think you such a social drama could be re-en acted in Washington to-day?

We think of the people of America a hundred years ago as being a very godly and religious peo-ple. But it is not true. Infidelity was wide-spread

and Tom Payne was its apostle.

In 1790 there was in America one church to every 1447 people; now there is one to each 535. Then there was one communicant to every 42 of the people; now there is one to each five.

Perhaps there was some excuse for our fore-fathers not attending church, for in their bleak winters, with the mercury below zero, they thought it sacrilege to heat their churches, and we read of a Rev. Mr. Miller, who paused in the midst of a two-hour's sermon to sharply rebuke his people for the noise they made in stamping their feet to keep them from freezing.
The comparative question of morals and religion

is settled by the inexorable figures of the census. Therein we learn that during the past one hundred years Christianity has increased in America more

than eight times as fast as the population.

In what I have said I have not, I trust, given the impression that I do not honor America's past. Nay, that past is dear to me. I reverence those May, that past is dear to me. I reverence those men of iron, who laid so broad and solid the foundation of the Republic. They were grand men, and nobly did they do their work. They loved liberty and freedom. And through terrible scenes of carnage and suffering, beneath the broiling rays of the summer's sun, and through frosty, frozen, icy winter, they went straight forward in the path of day. of duty. Their estates wasted by the enemy, their clothes in tatters, their blood marking their foot-steps, a price upon their heads, and the hangman's noose dangling before them-still they counted it all as nothing that thay might win freedom, and

"A Church without a Bishop, And a State without a King,"

The world had never seen such heroism and patriotism before. Nothing in Roman fame or Grecian story, or Anglo-Saxon glory was com-parable with it. I am not blind to the glories of 1776, neither am I blinded by them. I have sought to give you a true picture of that "elder day," that we may take courage for our work in the present and the future. The past of America is secure. The present is in our hands. I think we can say, without egotism or exaggeration, that we are men worthy to look back upon such a past as only America can show—that we who have the blood of our Rvolutionary sires in our veins have

What of the future? That rests largely with the young Americans of to-day. And to "Young America" I say: Count it a grand thing to be an American. Let no "croaker" implant within you distrust of American principles, or coward fear for her future. It is a grand thing to live in this age, Methusaleh was a young man compared with some of the middle-aged wen before me. Why, I would rather live forty years in America while the 19th is rounding into the 20th century, than to have stagnated a thousand years in the Orient, in that slow, ox-like age in which the son of Enoch lived. The earth is becoming smaller. Time is becoming longer. This planet on which we live seems to have shrunk so in the past hundred years that now the Earth is but a neighborhood of A day is now as pregnant of results as a nations.

year used to be. In such times—times big with possibilities, and great questions coming to the front-as never before America

Men who shall join its chorus, and prolong
The pealm of labor, and the pealm of love.
The age wants heroes—heroes who shall dare
To struggle in the solid ranks of frath:
To clutch the monster error by the throat;
To bear opinion to a loftler seat;
To bear opinion to a loftler seat;
It then indeed with be what particles should— If thou indeed wilt be what patriots should—
If thou wilt be a hero, and wilt strive.
To help thy fellow, not exalt thyself.
Thy feet at last shalt stand on jasper floors: Thy heart at last shalt seem a thousand hearts-Each single hear; with myriad raptures filled— While thou shalt sit with princes and with kings, Rich in the jewel of a ransomed soni."

A Brilliant Ball.

Last Tuesday evening Dr. Arning, and Messrs. J. F. Hackfeld, J. C. Pflager and Muller entertained at their residence. No pains were spared to make the party a delightful one, and success crowned the efforts of the hosts. The exterior of the house was brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and all the trees in the garden bore their share of flashing and twinkling lights. The guests were received by Mrs. C. H. Judd and Mrs. H. Glade, who acted as hostesses. Besides the drawing room, a spacious temporary ball-room had been made of the makai verandah. This had a capital floor, and was roofed with gaily colored bunting. This, being cool, was the favorite resort for the dancers, who tripped it lightly to the strains of the Hawaiian Band. About 11 supper was served, after which dancing was again resumed, and carried on till long past the midnight hour. Among the guests present were His Majesty, Her Royal Highness Princess Lilipokalani, His Honor the Chief Justice and Mrs. Judd, Maiesty's Chamberlain, Her Britannie Maiesty's Commissioner, the Portuguese Commissioner, and most of our prominent citizens. During the even-ing His Majesty conferred the Order of Kaplolani upon Dr. Arning.

Dr. Arning.

The Australia took from our shores one of the brightest and best educated men that have ever been in Honolalu. Dr. Arning is a man whose attainments would do honor to any country; they were doing honor to Hawaii, but a vain Minister insisted on his departure. These Dr. Arming has been here he has devoted himself to a subject which was vital to the country, and had he been allowed to continue his investigations he would have, doubtless, resched most satisfactory results, and Hawaii would have had reason to be proud of herself. The high social appreciation in which Dr. Arning was held was evidenced by the number of friends who gathered on the wharf to see his depart; the appreciation of his medical skill by the number of patients who desired his advice before he left. The Gazerrz wishes the Doctor bon coyage, and hopes to see him return to this

Stonehenge's Dogs.

Copies of this valuable work have been received by Messrs. J. M. Oat, Jr., & Co. To all who are old world dog fanciers or who are fond of dogs, the book is almost a household world. There is not a country house or a farm in England which has not "Stonehenge" on its book-shelves. The advantage of this special edition is that not only does it contain the great experience of "Stone-henge," otherwise Dr. John Henry Walsh, but it has added to it a number of chapters by well known American writers, which render it more

The work is divided into three parts. Book I, treats of the "Natural History, Classification and varieties of the dog." This presents many interesting anecdotes together with sound advice as to the points of the various breeds. Book IL, deals with the "Breeding, rearing, breaking and manage-ment of the dog in-doors and out." This should be studied by all our young men here, who desire to bring up their dogs well, so that they will prove comforts to themselves and a pleasure to their neighbors. There is hardly a dog on the Islands neighbors. There is hardly a dog on the Islands that is properly trained. In some cases of course, the owners know better, but cannot be bothered to train their dogs properly, in a large majority of cases the owners do not know how to train, and spoil their animals sometimes by harshness. The last book gives some admirable advice unous keeping dogs in health, and described most of the illa to which (dog) flesh is heir to.

It is to be hoped that any dog famous will take

It is to be hoped that our dog famours will take a look at Stonehange's book and having looked, add it to their libraries.